

## THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

PIKESVILLE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I took you for two or three years, and then went away. This is my first letter, and I 'most always read the letters in the "Letter-box," but have never had the pleasure of writing. I had a donkey, but he died; he was very cunning; he would not drink out of a pail; he would cry for water; we would give him a pail of water, and he would smell it, and then push it over; he would drink only out of the hose. I remain, yours truly,

MAY E—

COOPER'S PLAINS, BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl only nine years old. I live in Australia.

We have taken you for three years. I liked the little "Brownies" and the Pygmies very much, and all the pretty pieces of poetry you sent us.

I live eight miles from Brisbane. I go to school in the train, and I have a season ticket. I have three sisters and one brother, and the youngest is a dear little girlie. She is two years old; she always has rosy cheeks.

We have a little Shetland pony which we ride sometimes. My brother is younger than I am, and he rode it forty miles in one day. I have no more news to tell you now. From your little friend,

JESSIE GLEN J—

THIS letter from a little Southern girl is one of many, concerning Elsie Leslie Lyde, which have been received since the publication of the April ST. NICHOLAS:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Elsie Leslie Lyde's picture in the April number, 1889, was perfectly lovely! I looked at it and studied it for a long while. The expression is so gentle and child-like. She looks like a sweet dear little girl; and from what I have read of her, I think she would be a fair and true example for other children to follow. If we children could all be as simple, earnest, unaffected, and loving as Elsie is described to be, what a blissful and sweet little world the "child-world" would be! Don't you think so, ST. NICHOLAS? I have named my large French doll, with long, bright curly hair, Elsie Leslie Lyde.

I am, your ever loving friend,  
"HEATHERBELL."

WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been reading your stories about dogs, and it makes me wish to write and tell you about one which my father's family used to own.

He was a little black-and-tan terrier, and his name was "Jip." He was very intelligent. My aunt and her friend would often dress him in their doll's clothes and then put him to bed, pretending that he was sick. He would take the medicine, and then open his mouth for something to take the taste out. Just when he looked very sick indeed, my father would rush through the room, calling out, "Rats, Jip, rats!" and away Jip would go, scattering the bed-clothes and spoiling the girls' fun.

Sometimes when he saw boys playing ball in the street he would run and catch the ball and scamper home with it. Then the boys would come and beg for the dog to play with them. My grandfather, who was a physician, would sometimes take Jip with him on his rounds. Once, after leaving the dog at home, the doctor was much surprised to find Jip waiting for him at a patient's house where he had been the day before. On one occasion a little girl sitting by a fire said, "I wish I had some light-wood to put into this fire," and Jip immediately ran out of the room, and returned with a piece. He did not enjoy being washed, and when the children, to tease him, would say, "Come, Betty, and wash Jip," he would run and hide under the sofa. He loved to play hide-and-seek, and would stay shut up in the lower part of a washstand until the children were hidden. Sometimes they would catch him trying to peep; then they would shame him, and he would hang his head and turn back, waiting patiently until they "whooped."

Some years ago this dear old dog was stolen, and "the children" have never seen him again. I remain,  
Your little friend, A. L. B—

NICE, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was in Rome at the close of the Jubilee-year, I saw the Pope, and I want to tell you about him. He was carried in his sedia, and moved his hand in blessing as he passed through. He is eighty years old and has white hair, and with his miter on looked very majestic. There was a great crowd, and although St. Peter's is perfectly immense, there was no room left after everybody got in. Everybody was obliged to wear black, with black Spanish lace scarfs draped on their heads. While we were in Rome, I saw the king, queen, and crown prince.

My home is in Chicago, but we have been in this country since last Fourth of July.

At present we are in Nice, a lovely winter resort on the Mediterranean, where they have been having a Battle of Flowers, and it is great fun.

We have been in England, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and are now on our way through France, and expect to return home in May.

Hoping this is not too long to print, I remain, sincerely yours,

A LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL.

L. G. H. will find the article entitled "Nantucket Sinks" in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1887.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is the first time that we have written to you. We spent last summer abroad, and much of the time in Paris. While there we visited the Louvre, and were much interested in the various mummies, sphinxes, statues, etc. Our father, who is French, —though we are stanch little Americans,—is a naval

officer, and is away much of the time; but we expect him back soon, for which we are very happy.

We have a large dog, an intelligent and beautiful greyhound, named "Reha," whom we love very much.

Your admiring readers,  
VICTORINE and YOLANDE.

TROY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old. I have taken you only six months, but I enjoy you very much. I have taken music lessons for three years, and I play the "Housekeeping Songs" in your delightful magazine. I have also taken French for two years, and to-day I translated three "Mother Goose" songs, which papa said I might send to you.

The first one is "Three Blind Mice":

"Trois souris aveugles!  
Trois souris aveugles!  
Vois-tu comme elles courent!  
Vois-tu comme elles courent!  
Elles couraient après la femme du fermier,  
Qui leur coupe les queues avec un grand couteau,  
As-tu jamais vu une telle chose en ta vie  
Que trois souris aveugles!"

Next, "Baa, baa, Black Sheep":

"Baa, baa, mouton noir,  
N'as-tu pas de laine?"  
"Oh! si, monsieur,  
Trois bourses pleines!  
Une pour le monsieur,  
Une pour la dame,  
Et un pour le garçon,  
Qui crie dans l'allée."

I am very sorry that I could not make the last word rhyme with the rest of the verse. My last one is "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary":

"Marie, Marie, tout à fait contraire,  
Comment croit votre jardin?"  
"Avec cloches argentées des coquilles ridées,  
Et des jolies filles tout en rangées."

But I must not make my letter too long. I tried for the prize in your "King's Move Puzzle," but did not succeed. I wish you would publish another.

Your admiring little friend, MAY M—.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am but ten years of age, and I write to tell you how very much interested I am by "Daddy Jake, the Runaway," though I see it is to be in only one more number of the ST. NICHOLAS.

I live on Walnut Hills, a beautiful suburb of Cincinnati. I have many nice books, but I can not find one story in them as nice as those in your magazine. I must now close. Your affectionate friend,

RICHARD V. R—.

YATES CITY, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl, eleven years old, and have four younger brothers. I live on a farm four miles from Yates City. My little brothers and I have a mile to walk to school.

I like very much to read the "Letter-box." My brothers all like the "Bunny Stories." This is the first letter I ever wrote you. Your little friend,

KATHARINE N—.

RONDOUT, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your magazine for a number of years, and like it better every year. It has been given to me by my uncle as a Christmas present. Our city is situated on the Hudson River, and from our school we have a very fine view of this beautiful river, also of the Catskill and Shawangunk Mountains, in New York, and the Berkshire Mountains, in Massachusetts.

In winter we have great sport in skating and ice-boating. One day we raced with the trains on the Hudson River Railroad. We have also a large toboggan-slide, but it was not used this last winter on account of the mildness of the season. I am sixteen years old.

Your reader, MARY E. H—.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am, of course, one of your many readers and admirers, and as I have never seen any letter from this place, I thought that I would write to you. I am thirteen years old, and have lived here nearly all my life; in fact, I have never been out of California, and have only seen snow once. I suppose that will seem very funny to some of your Eastern readers who see snow every winter.

We usually have nice times here in the winter, going on picnics to the cañons and gathering ferns and wild flowers after the first rain, which is usually in December. "Juan and Juanita" is my favorite story, although I like them *all*, very much.

Your sincere friend, BERTHA C—.

LEBANON, OREGON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen a letter from any part of Oregon, so I thought I would write to you.

I live on a farm, six miles from Lebanon, which is our post-office.

Our farm is between two soda springs. It is about a mile and a half to each. The name of one is Sodaville, the other is Waterloo. At Waterloo the water bubbles up out of the rocks, and no matter how many drink out of it, the spring is never dry. We have to cross the river to it, and in the winter the river rises over the rocks so we can't get the water at all. Sodaville is a great summer resort; but I think Waterloo is the pleasanter place.

I have lived in Oregon nearly ever since I can remember, though I was born in Ohio. I used to live in Salem, the capital of Oregon. It is a beautiful city.

I have taken you for five years, and like you more and more all the while. I have saved every number, and hope some time to have them bound.

I think "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "Juan and Juanita" are just splendid, but I think the best story you have published since I began taking you is "His One Fault." My papa often says that is one of the best stories he ever read, and then he will laugh and say, "Poor boy, he did have a hard time getting the right horse!" Your constant reader, ANNIE F. T—.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters which we have received from them: V. A. C., L. G. H., Valerie La Sautis, J. H. L., Iona J. L. C., McV., Sam Chapin, May Griffith, Harry Lee Wiesner, Charlotte B. T., Anna Olive M., Ora M. Pierce, Ethel Ireland, Louie R., Frances McCahill, E. D. Blackwell, Catherine C., Stella Stearns, Mary L. Robinson, Florence Griffith, Z. Z. Z., May Taylor, John Miller, Harry Geraldine W., Alice Smith, Addie and Erma M., Gardner Porter.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

OCTAGONS. I. 1. Car. 2. Ruled. 3. Curator. 4. Alabama. 5. Retaken. 6. Domes. 7. Ran. II. 1. Cad. 2. Pagod. 3. Cabinet. 4. Agitate. 5. Donated. 6. Deter. 7. Ted.

CONNECTIVE WORD-SQUARES. Impassionate. I. Across: 1. Imp. 2. Dec. 3. Ant. II. 1. Ass. 2. See. 3. Pat. III. 1. Ion. 2. Day. 3. Are. IV. 1. Ate. 2. Won. 3. Led.

JUNE ROSES. 1. Musk. 2. Tea. 3. Swamp. 4. Dog. 5. Field. 6. Moss. 7. China. 8. Cabbage. 9. Dwarf. 10. Indian.

PI.  
A glory appals the corn;  
The meadow-lark carols the morn;  
The dew glistens over  
The grass and the clover:  
'T is June—and the summer is born!

The radiant hours adorn  
With clustering flowers the thorn;  
The soft breezes hover  
The grass and the clover:  
'T is June—and the summer is born!

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Clara B. Orwig—A. L. W. L.—J. B. Swann—Paul Reese—K. G. S.—Bessie M. Allen—"Infantry"—Nellie L. Howes—A. H. R. and M. G. R.—O. D. O.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER were received, before April 15th, from Grace E. Mercer, 1—Maude Lillian M., 1—Carrie Holzman, 1—Maude E. Palmer, 12—Margaret Cassels, 1—R. F. Spillsbury, 1—A. H. G., 2—Edwin Lewis, 1—Daisy L. Brown, 2—Lillian A. Sturtevant, 1—Mary L. Gerrish, 12—Maud H. Levie, 1—Grace Harris, 1—Louise Ingham Adams, 11—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 3—"The Wise Five," 12—Hettie S. Black, 1—Marion Stickney, 2—Fannie E. Hecht, 1—Chester, 1—R. A. P., 1—"Sister May," 1—Harry Sillocks, 2—J. L. Wilson, 1—Jeannette How, 1—"A Family Affair," 7—T. H. Dickson, 1—Lily and Helen, 3—Jean Perry, 12—Helen C. McCleary, 12—Eula Lee Davidson, 1—V. F., L. L. F. and D. F., 6—No Name, New York, 10—"Maxie and Jackspar," 12—Sidney Sommerfeld, 2—Edith Woodward, 5—Sarah C. Scott, 1—Helen C. Skinner, 1—V. A. C., 2—Belle MacMahon, 1—Zoe H., 2—Mary and Mabel Osgood, 12—Clara Danielson, 2—Aunt Kate, Mamma and Jamie, 12—Lina Nyburg, 1—Bessie Byfield, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 6—Florence Young, 1—Estelle Young, 1—F. Sybil Moorhouse, 1—"Nadji," 1—Ed. and Bradley, 12—Astley P. C. Ashhurst, 2—Irma Moses, 1—Marie A. Burnett, 1—Ida C. Thallon, 10—Elizabeth A. Adams, 1—"May and 79," 8—D. L., 4—Gladys, 2—J. F. Gerrish and E. A. Daniell, 12—May Martin, 2—Nora and Mother, 7—Shyler, 9—Mattie E. Beale, 12—Florence Parkhurst, 5—Emma V. Fish, 3—Henry Guilford, 11—Mary C. Barringer, 1—H. H. Alexander, 1—D. M. Barringer, 1—Arthur C. Haritch, 3—Jennie, Mina and Isabel, 10—Jo and I, 12—Alice Turpin, 3—Adrienne Forrester, 5—Kate Guthrie, 1—Edith and Marion, 7—Mathilde Ida and Alice, 6—Edith Oakley, 2—Henry W. Bill, 2—W. Sayre Kitchel, 2—"Cœur de Lion and Shakespeare," 4—George S. S., 4—Alice A. Foster, 6—Katie A. F. R., 2—Horace Wilkinson, 7—S. S., 4.

## DOUBLE DIAGONALS.

THE letters in each of the following eleven groups may be transposed so as to form one word. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the diagonals, from the upper left-hand corner to the lower right-hand corner, will spell something for which our forefathers fought. The diagonals, from the upper right-hand corner to the lower left-hand-corner, will spell a publication issued by our forefathers.

1. Beat Lion, Tad.
2. Unsoft times.
3. I clap a stair.
4. Con, ring toll.
5. Marshall, mow.
6. Rig a gun cone.
7. To me a tin can.
8. Go, musty sage.
9. Shear, tier, C. R.
10. I ty pond rose.
11. I cut on Col. U. S.

F. S. F.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals each name a famous geologist.  
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. An iron block upon which metals are hammered. 2. A short prayer. 3. An Athenian. 4. A volley. 5. Slaughtered. 6. A mass of unwrought metal. 7. A plain face or plinth at the lower part of a wall. "DAB KINZEE."

## NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of seventy-two letters, and form an old couplet about the month of July.

My 7-56 is the first word of the couplet. My 41 is much used by letter-writers. My 13-22-55 is sometimes used for decorative purposes. My 30-66-28-72 is grayish-white. My 69-48-44-25 was

rimless wheels. I. From 1 to 8, Campbell; from 9 to 16, Barnabas. Cross-words: Cube, Aorta, molar, Posen, Bohea, Eliab, Lamia, lobes. II. From 1 to 8, Monmouth; from 9 to 16, Waterloo. Cross-words: Macaw, opera, nabit, midge, otter, usual, taboo, hollo.—CHARADE. Summer.

HOOR-GLASS. Centrals, Bonaparte. Cross-words: 1. grumBling. 2. chrOnic. 3. VeNus. 4. nAp. 5. P. 6. cAb. 7. arRow. 8. plaTter. 9. promEnade.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cupid; finals, arrow. Cross-words: 1. CallA. 2. UlsteR. 3. PalloR. 4. IndigO. 5. DaW. DIAMOND. 1. T. 2. Tac. 3. Xeres. 4. Tenants. 5. Taran-tula. 6. Century. 7. Sturk. 8. Sly. 9. A.

RHOMB. Across: 1. Ionic. 2. Sated. 3. Pedal. 4. Metal. 5. Sedan.

A. HEXAGON. 1. Spur. 2. Pined. 3. Unused. 4. Residue. 5. Deduce. 6. Ducal. 7. Eels.

FLORAL PUZZLE, Rose Month. 1. Rush. 2. Oleander. 3. Saffron. 4. Ebony. 5. Motherwort. 6. Osier. 7. Nightshade. 8. Teasel. 9. Harebell.

a famous city of ancient times. My 4-11-60 is by what means. My 37-16-32-20 is an ancient musical instrument. My 1-47 is the name of a mythological maiden who was transformed by Hera into a heifer. My 49-33-53-62 is vitality. My 9-18-39-46-42-67-29-70 is toughness. My 64-5-40 is a body of water. My 2-50-35 is limited in number. My 51-58-27 is to petition. My 26-8-36-24-63-15-31 is to corrugate. My 6-23-71 is an exclamation denoting contempt. My 52-65-17-12-38-68 is to choke. My 3-45-61-43-54-21 is a shivering. My 34-14-59-19-57-10 is a fish much esteemed by epicures.  
"CORNELIA BLIMBER."



In the above illustration are suggested the names of fourteen different stitches used by needlewomen. What are the different stitches?

## RHOMBOID.

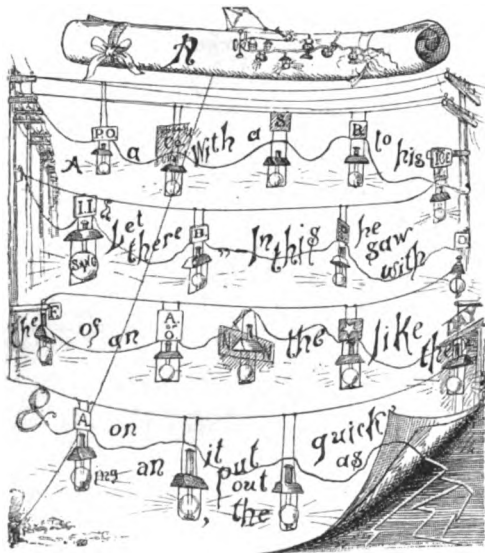
- ACROSS: 1. To shine. 2. A southern constellation. 3. A bower.  
4. A vessel with one mast. 5. A city mentioned in the Bible.  
DOWNWARD: 1. In Bangor. 2. An exclamation. 3. An epoch.  
4. Tunes. 5. An old word meaning to wrap the head of in a hood.  
6. A portion of the day. 7. A perch. 8. A river in Italy. 9. In Bangor. C. D.

## PI.

O ot eli ni eht prigeni garss  
Hatt cruelfagiy snebd ot eht dwins ath saps,  
Dan ot kolo float het koa-esveal hutgroh  
Toni het kys os depe, os buel!

O ot leef sa trelyut feer  
Sa eht cribride ginsing beavo no het rete,  
Ro het costlus pingip eirh wordsy writh,  
Ro het wond taht sisla romf eth sliteth-rrub!

## REBUS: A TALE OF THE LIGHTS.



THE answer to this rebus is a little story about the object which is pictured seventeen times in the accompanying illustration.

## ACROSTIC.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

My first and second, third and fourth,  
Are golden coins of various worth;  
While my initials will unfold  
A group of poems, quaint and old.

B.

## EASY RIDDLE.

I am a little word composed of only five letters, yet so great is my weight that strong men have been crushed by me, and I have been known to destroy life by pressing too heavily upon those with whom I came in contact. I am of the plural number, yet by adding the letter s, I become singular. If, before adding the letter s, you cut off my head and tail, what remains is a verb implying existence; but if, instead of thus mutilating me, you place my second letter before my first, I am changed into what will make a poor man rich. My 3-2-1-4 is that in which many strive, but only one wins; my 5-1-2-3-4 means to alarm; my 5-4-2-3 is to burn; my 1-2-3 is very necessary in large cities; my 5-4-2 is enticing to many; my 2-1-4 is one; my 2-3-1 is not complete; my 4-2-3 is of very wonderful and delicate construction; my 1-2-5-4 is visited very frequently by a physician, who frequently has more 1-2-3-4-5 than a follower of any other profession.

F. R. F.

## PECULIAR ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, one row of letters (reading downward) will spell the name of a poet who died on July 21, 1796; and another row will spell the surname of a philanthropist who died on July 29, 1833.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A biennial plant of the parsley family. 2. A singer in a choir. 3. Arranged in a schedule. 4. An Oriental drink made of water, lemon-juice, sugar and rose-water. 5. Pertaining to the earth. 6. A club. 7. Sudden checks. 8. Resembling grume. 9. To depict. 10. Threatened. 11. A small door or gate.

CYRIL DEANE.

## CONCEALED WORDS.

## MOUNTAINS.

1. "DIRECT the clasping ivy where to climb."—Milton.
2. "The century living crow  
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died  
Among their branches, till at last they stood  
As now they stand, mossy, and tall and dark."—Bryant.
3. "And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue  
As singing birds from one bough to another."—Longfellow.

## TREES.

1. "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise."—Pope.
2. "I will not presume  
To send such peevish tokens to a king."—Shakspeare.
3. "Visions of childhood stay, oh, stay,  
Ye were so sweet and wild."—Halleck.

B.

## CUBE AND SQUARE.

1	.	.	.	.	.	2
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7	.	.	.	.	.	8

CUBE. From 1 to 2, mixed together confusedly; from 2 to 4, a title formerly given to the eldest son of the king of France; from 1 to 3, to distress; from 3 to 4, stepped upon; from 5 to 6, a part of which anything is made; from 6 to 8, walked; from 5 to 7, to compel; from 7 to 8, to cheer; from 1 to 5, meek; from 2 to 6, a javelin; from 4 to 8, part of the day; from 3 to 7, a narrative.

INCLOSED SQUARE. 1. Mixed. 2. Always. 3. A Roman emperor. 4. Stepped.

CLARA O.

## EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD dingles, and leave beverages.
2. Behead to expect, and leave to attend.
3. Behead a useful instrument, and leave a tuft of hair.
4. Behead informed, and leave merchandise.
5. Behead a retinue, and leave to fall in drops.
6. Behead fanciful, and leave to distribute.
7. Behead to suppose, and leave to languish.
8. Behead at no time, and leave always.

The beheaded letters will name what most children enjoy.

KATE DEANE.

## CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first and my second you'll find in *krat*,  
In spring can neither be found;  
My third and my fourth are in *reading*, you'll see,  
And also in *merry-go-round*;  
My fifth and my sixth are in *moments* of time;  
My seventh and eighth are in *mean*;  
My ninth and my tenth and my eleventh you'll find  
In a ponderous soup-*tureen*.

My *whole*, though imprisoned, rises and falls,  
Informing the great world whether  
It must stay in town and be making calls,  
Or picnicking out in the heather.